EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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A VALENTINE.

BY ANNIE E. PURINTON.

WHEN Valentine's Day came around, Jack had but twenty-five cents. He thought it must be a mistake, and that he had more money somewhere, quite forgetting how it burned in his pocket, until it was all spent. He went to his bank, which he kept under lock and key, so firmly closed that it would seem that the money could never get out again. But, strangely enough, it did; and when Jack looked in, his disappointed eyes found — nothing. He shook the box, poked his fingers into the corners, and turned it upside down. But it was of no use. There was no magic there to convert the dull iron into silver. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets, gave a long, low sigh, and for a moment considered the matter seriously. He wished he had n't visited "Bailey's" quite so often. He even wished he had n't given Fred Jones's brother fifty cents when he broke his leg and had to lie in bed for a month, his only support in the shovelling of paths being taken away from him.

But wishing, we all know, does n't amount to much, and Jack was as wise as the rest of us. He had a cheerful disposition, and was bound to make the best of everything. So presently he snapped his finger in the air, as much as to say, "I don't care," and began to whistle "Sallie in our Alley." "Twenty-five cents is enough for me," he said to himself. "I want to buy but one valentine, and that 's for Di Burton."

Di Burton lived just below him on the same street. She was the daintiest little creature you ever saw, with long flaxen hair and soft round face, made beautiful by dark tender eyes that fell every time she was spoken to. Jack had never had a sister; and as we are apt to wish for the very things we don't possess, he was always wishing he had a sister just like Di.

It was at the end of the short February afternoon that Jack, putting on his overcoat and buttoning it snugly around him, started out in search of his valentine. The snow had been falling all day, and soft white drifts lay all about him. The sleigh-bells went jingling merrily by, making joyful music on the winter air. In the Public Garden a big snow-man lifted up colossal shoulders over the heads of merry boys, and the deep eyes and grinning mouth seemed to promise that such a creation should be enduring, though the next morning's sun would melt him forever from view. Jack whistled merrily, and joined in the chorus with the shouting boys and the jingling bells. He was a happy little fellow. It was easy enough to be so when one had for company youth, health, and a light heart.

As he passed the iron gates of the Common he hesitated and caught his breath. It seemed an entrance into fairy-land. The light reflected from the tall posts overhead was almost as bright as dawn. In silent waves, like a motionless sea, lay the new-born drifts. It was the cold air that froze them to this stillness. The trees were bending down with their burden of snow, making an arched pathway more noble than the most skilled architect could fashion; and the wind, rioting among the branches, sent down a soft covering for every passer-by. It was very beautiful, but Jack could pause but an instant. There were more practical matters to be attended to that night.

When he was again on Tremont Street, the beauty was all behind him; and he dodged in and out among the crowd, keenly alive to the fact that this, at least, was not fairy-land. He had to wait a moment at the crossing, as a long line of horse-cars blockaded the way. The big drivers in their buffalo coats were swinging their arms to and fro, for it was very cold. Impatient passengers were getting off the cars with muttered words of wrath at their detention. The big snow-plough "Smuggler" was trying in vain to clear a passage-way. Jack turned and looked behind him into the large plate-glass window, where sweetmeats of various fashions tempted the eye and appetite. In the well-ordered room sat persons with contented faces. The cheery warmth of the atmosphere extended almost to where he stood, and out from the opening and closing doors came the appetizing odor of strong hot coffee.

Another figure, a boy about Jack's age, was looking in at the tempting array. Jack carelessly looked at him. Then he looked again. He was a very ugly boy, with a long lean face and a big scar over his eye. 'Probably been fighting," said Jack to himself. But the boy was hardly in fighting trim to-night. He looked very hungry and dejected. He had no mittens and no overcoat. He was very ragged; and the wind, lifting his poor thin garments, showed only rags beneath. Jack shivered; he had not thought it cold before. He could n't help thanking a blessed fortune that had made his lot different from this poor child's. Just then the blockade of the cars was broken, and with a feeling of relief Jack darted across the street.

There were all kinds of valentines for Jack to select from, — something to suit every one's taste, grave or gay. Every accomplishment, every occupation, was illustrated. Cupid played an important part in the dainty sheets. There were clasped hands, with "Thine forever" underneath, all for fifteen cents; cooing doves that whispered with such commonplace familiarity, "Wilt thou be mine?" It would have been very odd if Jack had n't found just what he wanted there, and presently he came across it. It was just a bunch of violets, but oh, such violets!

"Violets in the springtime
Drop your petals meek;
Wait until she gently comes
For thee to seek.

"Then lift your blue eyes upward,
And cry aloud with glee!
For soft winds blow,
And flowers glow, —
She seeketh thee.

"All day long so still they stand,
Waiting for her tender hand."

Jack gave an immense sigh of satisfaction. Just splendid! The unloveliness of his surroundings departed. The air of the hot, stifling store was filled with the breath of the spring. He knew just where those violets grew, in the deep, shady hollow by the beech-tree. They were just like Di, with her tender violet eyes. The hot blood rushed into his face. His whole soul was stirred by the vision of the springtime. Along the water-side the flowers grew, upon the banks the clover blossomed; and he asked for nothing better than to lie there all day long, amidst the fragrant scents and blossoming flowers.

Was it the thought of all the summer's peace and sweetness that made Jack suddenly remember that dirty, ugly boy on Tremont Street? I do not know. Perhaps the innocence, the beauty, the freshness whispered accusingly. At all events, he suddenly felt that it was the meanest act in his life to have left the boy standing there cold and hungry on that bitter winter's night.

"Do you want the valentine?" snapped out the girl behind the counter, looking at the child who stood with hands outstretched. She was a little out of patience, there was no question about it. She had been standing there all day, and six o'clock came very, very slowly.

"N–n–no," gasped Jack. He dropped the valentine, pushed through the crowd, and was out into the street before he realized what he had done. He hurried back where he had left the boy. He was still there, leaning against the lamp-post. Under his arm he carried a few newspapers. Now and then he called out, "Tanskipt, five-o'clock!" But it was such a low cry that the well-to-do passers-by paid no attention to it.

Presently he shuffled across the sidewalk and disappeared in a doorway. Jack drew nearer. He saw him lay his papers on the stairs, and then he dropped down beside them, giving his jacket a pull as though to fold it closer around him. He hid his face in his little purple hands, and in five minutes he would have been fast asleep. But what a place to sleep in! The air blew into the narrow passage, cold and strong.

Jack timidly touched him. "Tanskipt, five-o'clock" muttered the boy, taking away his hands and grasping his papers. The scar across his face was now smeared by a long line of black.

"It 's very cold here," said Jack.

"I say, sonny, give us somethin' new," drawled out the boy, standing up.

The two boys looked at each other, — the one knowing nothing of life but poverty and pain, unheeded and unthought of; the other well clothed and fed, hardly comprehending the life that was so full of privation and want.

"I 'm awful hungry. Gimme somethin'," said the boy, stretching out his hand toward Jack.

Jack's sympathies were quick and strong. "I am so sorry! Why don't you go home?"

"All I 'd get there 'd be a lickin.'"

Jack acknowledged by a nod that that would be very poor nourishment for a hungry boy.

"Haint had nothin' since last night," said the boy with more energy, seeing succor at hand.

Jack slowly turned his money over in his pocket. It was all that he had, and there was Di's valentine. He had been taught that it was wrong to give to beggars, and this was such an impertinent, ugly one! He wished he could remember where they sent poor boys.

"I guess you ought to get registered," said Jack, helplessly.

"Register!" repeated the boy. "I should like ter git onter one," he said, with that keen sense of humor that the street gamins possess.

"I mean you ought to go somewhere and get something to eat."

"They won't trust me fur," said the boy, drily. "Gimme somethin', and I 'll eat fast enough."

It cost Jack a great deal to draw that quarter out of his pocket; it was sacrificing his all. But it came. "You poor boy, take this; and take these," he said, taking off his warm mittens and thrusting them into the hands of the boy. "It 's all I 've got," he said, with a mingled voice of despair and apology.

He did n't wait for thanks, — it is probable that he would n't have received any. He did n't even wait to see what became of the boy. He turned and ran with all his might; and it was not until he stood once more before the window gay with valentines that he paused. There was no reason

for his returning there, but his whole conduct that night was rather mystifying and erratic. The hideous caricatures seemed to grin and caper before him, as if to say, "Oh, what a fool!" He plunged his bare hands into empty pockets, and horrible misgivings crowded into his mind. The pleasure of giving was crushed by that principle of "Was it right to do it?" It had cost him a great deal to part with that small sum of money, and there seemed no triumph in his sacrifice. He forgot, or little knew, that such acts were entered into another account, where "love to your neighbor" could never be a blunder. It was a divine message whispered in the child's ear that night, but he never knew he was so blessed.

It was a pale and very miserable little boy that sat down to the dinner-table that evening. Mamma tempted him in vain with dainty morsels; he turned away from them all. "Dear me! What is the matter with the child?" inquired his mamma, anxiously. Papa looked over his newspaper. "He needs a tonic," he said, in an absent-minded way, as if he were thinking of anything except Jack.

Jack quietly slipped away from the table. He went up into his snug little room, and throwing himself on the lounge, buried his face in the fir pillow. Everything had gone wrong with him. He was very cross and very tired. "It's too bad!" he groaned inwardly. "That valentine was so pretty, and I wanted it so much! Perhaps I had no right to give away the money. How can I tell?" Doubt is the first step on a long ladder that has despair at the top of it. Jack was very much discouraged. "That horrid, dirty boy!" he said to himself. "That horrid, dirty boy!" He kept repeating it over and over again. The heat of the room made him drowsy. The words came out slower and slower. "That hor—" Then he thought of nothing at all.

Perhaps you won't believe it, but he had suddenly taken a journey. All his troubles were as if they had never been. "Why — why —" He rubbed his eyes, and looked around him in great amazement. "How very strange!" he said, in happy wonder. Perhaps it was a little strange, for here he was, on the very spot where those violets grew. He took a good long breath. "I guess this is last summer; it can't be next," he said, looking about him with a puzzled air. He was in the midst of beautiful shrubs, and the tall oak and mountain-ash lifted stately branches over his head. He stopped to listen to the wild bees that were buzzing all around him. In the deep, sunshiny hollow were masses of clover-blossoms; the bees seemed playing bo-peep among them. Jack knelt down to join the fun. He began to pick the blossoms as fast as he could. Shortly he would have had a very pretty bouquet; but he was suddenly stopped by the bees. Some lighted on his hat, some on his shoulders, and some, alas! on his hands. "Ah, don't!" he cried, as one gave him a sharp sting.

"But you have no business here," said the bee, finding voice. "We are working; we are God's children. He takes care of us, and we must help him."

"I think you are pretty well able to take care of yourself," said Jack crossly, turning away.

And there were the violets. They seemed to have multiplied by the thousands since he had last seen them. He stooped down to pick them. In his delight he would have taken them roots and all; but they, too, seemed to have turned against him. Every flower had a voice, and they all cried, "Don't touch us! don't touch us! We are busy. We are growing and blooming. We want to help make the world beautiful. Only violets can blossom here." And then they seemed to lift their modest heads a little proudly. "We are God's children, and we are helping him."

"To be sure; but could n't I —"

"Yes, you could! Yes, you could!" they all shouted; and Jack could n't imagine what question they were answering. He was beginning to feel a little strange and frightened, and he walked slowly until he came to the stream that rippled cheerfully along. With a soft, sweet sound it hurried past, Jack knew not whither. He sat down upon the bank. He was so still that the beautiful spotted trout, silver from head to foot, glided by him in happy unconsciousness. He took off his shoes and stockings, and paddled in the water; and then the fish darted off rapidly, knowing quite well that an enemy was near. But he soon got tired of that, and for the fun of it he threw in stones and began to dam up the flowing stream. The water, which a moment before had been so clear that one could see the pebbles at the bottom, became so thick and dirty that Jack was glad enough to get his feet out.

"Don't! don't stop me!" cried the brook, in a voice of agony.

Jack stepped back in affright, looking all around him to discover where the sound came from. Everything was bewitched. What was the matter?

"Let me go!" cried the brook. "I must take care of God's children. I must flow into foul gutters where fever breeds. I must clean the dirty city streets. I must give pure water to thirsty little children. I must be doing his work who made me.

"Undefiled for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child,"

sang the brook, as it once more got its freedom.

Jack gave a sigh. "This is the strangest thing!" he said.

"Oh, no, it is n't at all strange; it 's all true!" cried a hundred voices.

"I wonder if I could n't help?" said Jack, remorsefully. And then he almost screamed from fright; for on the opposite bank stood that ragged, ugly boy, with the scar on his forehead. But he was no longer ragged; he was no longer ugly or dirty. He had washed in the brook, and the leaves had shaped themselves into garlands to cover his rags. "Clean, clean God's children!" he cried. Jack thought he stretched his hand across the stream and touched him.

"Oh!" Jack gave a start. A strange feeling came over him. The woods, the stream, and the boy faded away, and he found himself rubbing his eyes in his own familiar room.

After all, it was only a dream; and his little white kitty, creeping up under the shelter of his neck, had awakened him. But what a dream! It seemed like an angel's whisper to the disturbed mind of the child. There was no need of a tonic now. The light had come back into his eyes, the color into his cheeks. He could have cried for happiness. He hid his face in kitty's soft fur. "Oh, kitty! you don't know," he whispered. And kitty could never know. Only he who had sacrificed and suffered could understand the joy of it. "God's child!" and he had helped!

THERE is no time better than to-day to begin the triumph over our temptations, to begin a holier and happier life. The change is needed only in ourselves. Do but say, "In God's strength I will," and the victory is sure.

History and Biography.

DÆDALUS; OR, HISTORY TOLD IN MYTH.

BY KATHERINE HAGAR.

THE name itself implies skill, and Dædalus is only a mythical personage, under whose name the Greek writers personified the earliest development of architecture and sculpture. But according to tradition the first Dædalus was of royal race, the grandson of Erechtheus, the King of Athens. He devoted himself to sculpture, and made great improvement in the art. The period represented by the name of Dædalus was that in which an attempt was made to give a natural and life-like expression to statues. In the "Dialogues of Plato," Socrates refers to the images of Dædalus as so life-like that "they require to be fastened in order to keep them; and if they are not fastened, they will run away."

In the marvellous progress which had been made from Egyptian art, "the eyes of the sculptured images were opened so that they seemed to look; the feet separated, so that they seemed to walk." The workers in wood that the name Dædalus represents were occupied in making images which expressed their ideas of the gods, — idols finished perhaps with color and gilding, detached from pillar or wall, with hands extended as if about to move, so that they no longer seemed mere blocks of wood. The artists of that age were called Dædalids or sons of Dædalus, and continued to improve until the fifth century before Christ.

In the traditional fable concerning Dædalus, we find that he was reputed to have made the wooden cow for Pasiphaë; and when Pasiphaë gave birth to the Minotaur, Dædalus constructed the labyrinth where the monster was kept. Of course there is no proof that there ever was such a building in Crete. When Dædalus wished to leave, Minos had seized all the ships; so Dædalus procured wings for himself and his son Icarus, and fastened them on with wax. Dædalus flew safely over the Ægean Sea, but Icarus flew too near the sun, and the wax melting by which his wings were fastened, he dropped down into the water and was drowned.

One solution of this fable is, that Dædalus was a great master of astrology, and taught the science to his son, who soaring above plain truths into transcendental mysteries was drowned in the abyss of difficulties. The useful warning thus hinted to us is too seldom heeded. In our hopeful youth we long to know the mysteries, and we find that the wings with which we attempt to fly are only fastened on, — we do not make them part of ourselves, and they fail us.

"Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drowned."

We read that Dædalus was the reputed inventor of the chief tools of carpentry, — the saw, ax, plumb-line, gimlet, and even glue. We forget sometimes that these common tools are new to barbarous nations, unknown to them as the telephone and electric light were recently to us. We cannot imagine what life and work would be to us if sharp stones or bones were our only tools, and the delicate needle or the mighty engine were equally unknown to us.

HE doeth much who doeth one thing well.

Our Letter-Box.

THE Editor would thank R. L. M., Jamaica Plain, H. H., Brooklyn, and A. J. P., Groton, for sending correct answers to Enigma IX. He is glad it interested so many of his readers. He is also much pleased with the letters printed below.

DEAR EDITOR, — I wrote to you once before, and was very much pleased to see that my letter was printed. I like your paper very much, and hope it will long exist. I shall try to write often. Wishing you and all your readers a merry Christmas and a happy new year, I will close.

Your devoted reader,

BERTHA CRANE.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

MR. EDITOR: Dear Sir, — I take the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, and enjoy reading it very much. I have been especially interested in finding answers to the enigmas found in the column headed "Our Letter-Box." The enigma which I send you I made myself. It is my first attempt.

Yours respectfully,

MARY ELIZABETH POSTON.

GROTON, MASS.

ENIGMA XVI.

I AM composed of 42 letters.
My 22, 13, 18, is a domestic animal.
My 12, 4, 13, 6, is the color of some horses.
My 9, 38, 5, 16, 17, is a kind of duck.
My 33, 34, 8, 16, 8, 20, 41, 33, is to bear in mind.
My 3, 17, 35, 6, 32, 26, is a tropical fruit.
My 39, 40, 16, 42, 11, is a scientific game.
My 42, 1, 2, 21, is wise.
My 15, 30, 14, is a covering for the head.
My 25, 23, 19, 37, 36, is not tall.
My 28, 29, 33, 24, 27, 32, is a crowd.
My 7, 37, 25, 41, 31, 10, 39, is a poison.
My whole is a proverb found in the Bible.

M. E. P.

ENIGMA XVII.

I AM composed of 27 letters.
My 7, 23, 2, 11, — 6, 8, 26, 1, 22, — 18, 20, 7, — 6, 22, 4, 26, 12, is one of the Commandments.
My 27, 2, 16, 10, is an animal we are told to beware of.
My 13, 26, 18, is an article much used in warm countries.
My 15, 9, 3, 5, 7, 24, 6, composed one of the tribes of Israel.
My 3, 9, 18, 11, 6, is the name of one of the planets.
My 19, 26, 1, 14, 25, 9, 4, is a sea in Palestine.
My 21, 11, 1, 15, is the way we like our stockings at Christmas.
My 17 is a pronoun.
My whole is a text in Romans xiii.

N. W.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

21. Of what country was Ruth a native?
22. Where did this country lie?
23. What was its extent?
24. Did the Israelites pass through this country on their way to the land of Canaan?
25. What tribe of Israel afterward occupied a part of this land?
26. Were the relations between the Israelites and this people peaceful or warlike?
27. What was the religion of this people?
28. What great prophet died and was buried in this country?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. X.

Enigma X. Belshazzar.
Enigma XI. A joyous and happy Christmas.
Enigma XII. A merry Christmas.

For Youngest Readers.

EDITH'S SACRIFICE.

BY A. WILLIAMS.

"EDIE! Edie! where are you?"

"Here, Hector! What is it?" answered a little girl of ten years, rising slowly from a rustic bench with a book in her hand.

"Mamma has something to tell us, and sent me to call you, but I could not find you. "Where have you been?" asked Hector.

"Just here, reading; but Mamma is waiting," and taking her brother's hand the children ran toward the house.

Edith and Hector Seldon were the only children of a well-to-do merchant in Toronto. They lived in a large house on Jarvis Street, with their mamma, papa, and grandmamma, a dear old lady, who was very fond of her grandchildren, and they of her.

"Now, Mamma, we are ready; please tell us," exclaimed Hector, as he perched himself on the arm of his mother's chair, while Edith took a stool at her feet.

"Well!" said Mamma, "suppose you try to guess. I will give you each one trial."

"Papa is going to buy Edie and me a pony," guessed Hector.

"No, nothing quite so grand," said Mamma. "Now, Edith."

"Uncle Harry is coming to visit us," said Edith.

"Both wrong," said Mamma. "I see I shall have to tell you. Well; if to-morrow is a fine day, I intend to have a little picnic to Victoria Park."

"Hurrah!" shouted Hector, while Edith inquired who were going.

"Grandmamma, and we three to begin with," said Mrs. Seldon. "Then I thought it would be nice to invite Mrs. Rogers, and Mary, Eva, and Jack."

"Oh, yes, do!" cried both the children.

"What time shall we start?" inquired Hector.

"Just after breakfast," answered Mamma. "I will ask Cook to pack us a basket of good things, and William shall drive us down to the boat. We shall return in time for dinner with Papa. Now, if you will run and ask Nurse to get you ready, I will write a note to Mrs. Rogers, and you may take it, and wait for the answer. But do not stay long, as it is near dinner-time now."

They were soon ready, and started out on their walk. Mrs. Rogers gave her consent willingly; and for the remainder of the evening nothing but the picnic was talked of by the children.

Next morning they jumped out of bed and ran to the window to see what kind of a day it was. The sun was shining brightly, and there was not a cloud to be seen in the sky.

"It is just lovely!" said Hector.

Nurse came in to dress them, and then they went downstairs. As they sat down to breakfast, Mrs. Seldon said, —

"Grandmamma has a bad headache this morning, and is not able to be up."

"Oh, dear!" said Edith, ruefully, "then I suppose we cannot have our picnic."

"Yes, we can," said Mamma, smiling. "Grandmamma says we are all to go, and that she will do very well with Nurse to look after her."

"Don't you think," said Papa, laughing, and pinching his little daughter's cheek, "that Edie had better stay at home and take care of Grandmamma?"

He only said it in fun, but it made Edith very quiet during the remainder of the breakfast time. When breakfast was over she ran to her favorite seat in the garden, and sat down to think.

"Ought I to stay at home with Grandmamma?" she asked herself over and over again. "I know Papa only said it in fun, but then, if I was ill I would like some one to stay with me, and Grandmamma was so kind when I was sick last winter. But I want to go to the picnic so very much!"

Thus she argued with herself, not knowing how to decide, when suddenly the text she had repeated to her mother last Sunday, "Even Christ pleased not himself," flashed across her mind, and the resolve she had then made to deny herself in something this week. So kneeling down she asked God to help her. Then she arose, and ran into the house and up to her mother's room.

"Why, Edith," said Mrs. Seldon, as she entered, "I thought you had gone to get ready."

"No," said Edith; "but if you will let me, Mamma, I will stay home with Grandmamma."

"My dear child," answered Mrs. Seldon, "Papa only said that in fun."

"I know," said Edith; "but I am sure Grandmamma will be lonely, and I would like to stay with her. I would really," she added; "and besides —"

"Besides what, dear?" asked Mrs. Seldon, as Edith paused.

"'Even Christ pleased not himself,'" whispered Edith, as she hid her face on her mother's shoulder.

"My dear little girl shall do as she pleases," said Mrs. Seldon, as she kissed her little daughter, with tears in her eyes.

(To be continued)

MARTHA (CUSTIS) WASHINGTON.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

WHAT I FOUND UNDER A LOG.

BY MASTER WALDO W. STEVENS.

I WENT out fishing one day with some of my friends, to a creek about a mile from home. In a little while we got out of worms, and as it was very dry weather we looked under the logs that were lying around to get more. The first log that we tried to lift was very heavy, and we had just succeeded in lifting it up a little way when out darted some small animals about three inches long. Dropping the log we quickly scampered after them, and soon came back with two field-mice in our possession, — for that was what they were. Leaving them in the care of one boy whose name was Will, we again tried to lift the log, and this time we succeeded. Oh! what a howl we heard! What was the cause of it? I asked myself, as I finished turning over the log. I turned, and there — can you guess what I saw? — was Will sucking his finger and dancing at a lively rate! At the same time the field-mice were disappearing in the grass.

When he had got somewhat over his pain, Will explained the cause of his caper. One of the field-mice had succeeded in getting its head in such a position as to bite his finger. He immediately dropped them both, and thus they escaped.

We then examined the ground we had uncovered by turning over the log, and found a round hole about five inches across. In this was the nest of the field-mice. It was composed of dried grass and weeds. Taking these out, we found some particles of corn, grain, and sunflower seeds, which were stored there for food. Running to and from the hole were some furrows. These furrows furnished ingress and egress for the field-mice, and were about three-quarters of an inch wide. Both furrows and nest, you will remember, were covered by the log until we lifted it, so that the nest was a cosey little house for the mice, and the furrows were covered passages leading to and from it.

At the next log we lifted we caught another field-mouse. To its hind legs we tied a strong cord; the other end of the cord we tied to a tree. Coming back, after five minutes' absence, to the place where the field-mouse had been tied, we found the creature was gone. Looking at the cord, I observed that it had been bitten by the sharp teeth of the field-mouse. You see they know how to use their teeth to good advantage.

Late one afternoon, my friend and I tried to discover the nest of a field-mouse by a hole that we had found leading into one of the passage-ways. We worked till we could not see very well, following the small passage. In a straight line it was not far from the beginning, but if it was measured with all its curves we should have found it much longer. Tired and rather discouraged, we gave up the task. I presume that is what the field-mouse who made it, hoped all its enemies would do.

"Do they always have their nests in the ground?" do you ask? Well, I have found them in old shoes. Once, when I was walking across a vacant lot I stumbled against an old milk-can. As I stumbled, I thought I heard a noise inside the can. I stopped and listened, and sure enough there was a sound. Stooping down I looked through a small hole and saw a field-mouse running about and trying to find a way out. I tipped the can up, and out ran the field-mouse. In stumbling over the can I had closed his door-way.

Field-mice resemble the common house-mice in color. In shape they are longer at the tail, ears, nose, and mouth. Their teeth are much sharper, as Will can testify. They have been known to go into houses for food when in great distress. Where I used to live we once caught one in a trap in our house.

MOLLY'S VALENTINE.

BY E. O. WHITE.

MOLLY was sitting in the square old-fashioned pew at church. As she was a very little person, her view was somewhat limited. It was chiefly confined to the row of heads that appeared above the back of the seat in front of her. To-day there was only one head there. It was a shiny bald head belonging to a very old gentleman. Molly wondered as she looked at him whether he was thankful enough that he did not have long curly hair to be pulled by his Aunt Mary when she combed it. But perhaps he did not have an Aunt Mary. Her Aunt Mary was sitting in the pew by her side, tall, straight, and handsome. If she had not been there, Molly would have ventured to climb upon the seat, and enlarge her view by looking over the back of the pew; for directly behind her there often sat a very beautiful young lady who looked just like a fairy princess. Molly was sure of this; because she had often seen pictures of fairy princesses, and they always had curly yellow hair and blue eyes, like Miss Sylvia.

It was Valentine's Day; and Molly wondered whether there would be an especial service, as there had been at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

That morning she had heard her sister Flora say, "It's Valentine's Day! I think it's a mean shame to have it come on Sunday."

"What is Valentine's Day?" Molly had asked her father.

"It is a day when people tell their friends how much they love them," he had said, stooping to kiss her upturned face.

Molly was thinking about this now, while she sat very still on the faded damask pew-cushion, with her legs dangling down in a most uncomfortable fashion. She thought: "How nice it would be to write a valentine all my own self to Miss Sylvia, and tell her how much I love her; and I can give it to her when church is over."

Molly had a pencil in her pocket; and she knew that her mamma kept some paper under the pew-cushion, so that her little daughter could amuse herself during the sermon. Molly looked up furtively at her Aunt Mary, and saw that her face was fixed with apparent absorption upon the minister; so she ventured to put one of her hands under the pew-cushion to try and find the paper. First she found a palm-leaf fan, all torn on the edge, and looking so shabby that she felt quite ashamed of it and hastily put it back; and then she moved softly along to the other end of the pew toward her father, that she might see if the paper was under the cushion where she had been sitting. She found it; but she could not help making it rustle as she pulled it out. Her Aunt Mary shook her head at her with decision. Her father looked at her aunt appealingly. "Let her write; it is a harmless amusement," he seemed to say.

Molly glanced doubtfully from one to the other, and then cautiously slid down and seated herself on the cricket. She looked up with shy apprehension at her aunt; but gained confidence when she saw that she was merely looking at her father with an expression with which the little girl was familiar. It was half resigned, half protesting. It said as plainly as words, —

"If that were my child, I would make her behave herself."

It was a whole year since Molly had had any valentines, and she could only dimly remember what they were like. Should she write on her paper, "I love you, Miss Sylvia. — Molly Benson"? No, that was not enough; and besides it was Sunday, and it would be better to make it a Sunday valentine. She could find something about loving one another in the Bible, and she could copy it. She took down her little Testament, which happened to open toward the end of the volume, and turned the leaves diligently. Her Aunt Mary looked at her, and was beginning to shake her head again; but Molly held her book up triumphantly. Even her Aunt Mary could not object to her reading in church if the book that she read was the Bible.

Molly looked through the pages slowly, for she found it hard to read the long words. At first she could not find anything at all appropriate; and she began to be afraid that they did not have any Valentine's Day when the New Testament was first written. She felt discouraged, and was just going to shut her book, when she came to a whole chapter that seemed to be all about loving one another. Molly thought it must be the "Valentine Chapter." She was glad now that her Aunt Mary had persevered and taught her to read, in spite of the fact that her father and mother had thought her too young to learn.

Molly did not know how to write; but she could print very neatly, although it took her a long time to do it. She printed: "Beloved, let us love one another." Then she found something so much to the point that it seemed as if it must have been written on purpose: "I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another."

Molly thought that the words "commandment" and "beginning" were too long to write, so she left out that part of the sentence, and printed the rest of it as carefully as she could: "I beseech thee, lady, that we love one another." Then some more words on the page caught her eye: "I would not write with paper and ink."

Molly wondered why the person who had written this letter would not write with ink. Could it be for the same reason that she was not allowed to write with ink? No, that was not possible; because, if his letter was in the Bible, he must have been a grown-up person, and there would have been no danger of his upsetting the ink-stand. She could think of no way of explaining this little sentence; but it gave her a very friendly feeling for the man who had been writing his letter without ink such a long, long time ago.

Molly was so absorbed in her occupation that she forgot to get up with the others when they stood up to sing. She rose hastily in the middle of the second verse. She did not know what they were singing; but she liked the music, and so she joined in and sang the tune softly, as well as she could, to words of her own.

"I am very happy," Molly sang; "I love everybody. I love Papa and Mamma and Flora and Aunt Mary and dear Miss Sylvia; and I love the gentleman who couldn't write

with ink and paper. I love everybody, everybody, everybody! I love God too. He has made me very happy. I hope he won't mind because I didn't find the place in the hymn-book, and so have to sing my own words, which aren't as pretty as the music. This is my valentine-hymn, and this my special service."

When church was over, and the people began to leave their pews with the rustle and buzz that always follows, Molly clasped her paper tightly in her hand, and shyly opened the door of Miss Sylvia's pew. Molly wished that all doors were as small as pew-doors, they would be so much easier to open. A pew-door seemed made on purpose for little children.

Alas! there was no pretty golden-haired fairy princess there; the pew was empty. Molly felt bitterly disappointed; but then she remembered that she could copy her valentine on pink paper, and carry it that afternoon her own self to Miss Sylvia. Her papa said that she might do so; and Flora gave her some pink paper.

Molly felt some misgivings as she walked up the driveway that led to the house where Miss Sylvia lived with her uncle.

"Supposing she should n't like the valentine," she thought. "Supposing she should say, as Aunt Mary did, 'You silly child — ' "

Just then a big black dog came out from behind a tree, and jumped up on Molly, putting two of his big paws on her shoulders. Poor Molly was now thoroughly frightened. She ran up to the door very fast, and pulled the bell; and then she turned to look at the dog, who raised his eyes to hers reproachfully.

"Poor thing, you did n't mean to hurt me, did you?" she said doubtfully. "That was your way of hugging. I suppose you wanted to tell me that you loved me. It is your kind of valentine. Oh, please don't do it again! *Please* don't; for you are so big, and I'm so very little."

Just then the maid came to the door.

"Down, Ponto! Down!" she said. "Don't touch the little lady. Whom do you want to see, miss?"

"Miss Sylvia. Please tell her it's Molly Benson."

The maid looked doubtful.

"I don't think Miss Sylvia can see any one to-day."

Molly's heart sank. She felt like crying. Just then Miss Sylvia, who had heard the voices below, came to the head of the stairs.

"My dear little Molly," she said, "I am so very glad to see you."

Molly watched her come down the stairway, and she thought her more lovely than ever. She made up her mind that if she ever grew up into a young lady, she would have a blue gown with ribbon and lace down the front of it, just like Miss Sylvia's.

"What do you want, dear?" asked Miss Sylvia. Her face looked sad; and if she had not been a grown-up person, Molly would have thought that she had been crying.

The little girl did not answer. A sudden fit of shyness had seized her. She held out her valentine mutely.

"For me?" asked Miss Sylvia.

Molly nodded.

"Oh, how pretty!" Miss Sylvia said, as she took it. "Pink is my favorite color."

She seated herself on the lowest step of the staircase, and motioned to Molly to come and sit beside her.

"What is it?" she asked.

"It is a Sunday valentine, all out of the Bible," said Molly, who had found her tongue.

Miss Sylvia opened it and read it.

"Beloved, let us love one another. I beseech thee, lady, that we love one another. I love you. — Molly Benson."

Miss Sylvia turned and put her arms around the little girl.

"You dear child, how lovely of you to write this for me all yourself!" she said.

"It would have been much nicer," said Molly, "only Flora would'n't let me have the ink, and so I had to print it in pencil."

"It could n't have been nicer," said Miss Sylvia; "I like it best just as it is. How did you ever think of anything so sweet?"

"Aunt Mary said you would n't care for it at all," observed Molly. "She — "

"Mary knows nothing about it," said Miss Sylvia, with decision.

She kissed Molly again and again. "I can't tell you how much good you have done me," she said. "Something has happened which has made me very unhappy to-day, and I was feeling as if nobody cared very much about me; and just then you came in at the door, like a little good fairy."

. . . . . .

"She liked it ever so much, Papa," said Molly, that evening. "She said she had never had such a lovely valentine. Do you suppose it was because it was a Sunday valentine, or because it was on pink paper?"

HELEN AND HER FRIEND.

BY MRS. ABBIE M. GANNETT.

HELEN came suddenly to her mother and buried her face in her lap saying, —

"Oh, I'm so unhappy!"

Her mother had seen this for a week. "Is it Delia?" she asked gently.

"Yes, I did n't think any one *could* be so hard, Mother!"

She waited a while and then went on. "You see I vexed her, I spoke angrily, — oh, Mother, you know what a fault of mine that is! But I was so sorry afterward, and told her so. Yet she would n't be moved. Mother! I asked her to *forgive* me, and that we might be friends again; but she refused, — that is, she said she should bear no hard feelings against me, but that we could never be friends again.

"Mother!" continued Helen, lifting up her face, and with flashing eyes, "does a person really forgive you who says she has no hard feelings, yet only coldly bows when she meets you, and takes another for her intimate friend? She is with Clara always now."

Helen checked her sob.

"You have asked a hard question," said her mother in the same gentle tone as before. "I would not care to have it answered, dear. It seems to me that all you can do now is to find what is your course, and follow it. If you can find out what is best to do, and can do it, by and by you will cease to be unhappy, even though Delia should never be your friend again, as will probably be the case.

"People differ so," went on her mother. "Some easily forgive and forget. With others that is the hardest thing to do. If Delia had offended you, you would hardly have waited for her to ask to be forgiven. But with her the task is very hard."

"Oh, Mother, I did not think you would excuse unforgivingness!"

"I am not doing so. I want you to see the matter as it is, so that you may be helped to do what is right. Because it is hard to do a thing does not excuse us from doing it, does it? What you ought to do now, toward Delia, may be just as hard for you to do, as for her entirely to forgive you."

"What ought I to do?" asked Helen, with some change in the troubled look on her face.

"Try to think as kindly of her as you have always done. Try to be glad of all that makes her happy. Try to love her still?"

"Love her still!" slowly repeated Helen in amazement.

"Yes. Love is n't a merchant, is it, dear?" asked her mother smilling. "It does n't say, 'You give me so much, and I'll give you so much!' "

"N-o," replied Helen, "I have often heard you say true, real love is disinterested."

"Well, then, since you have always loved Delia, continue to do so. Do not, because she has refused to give what you want, withdraw your love. Let your love grow into so generous a feeling that it shall not only include Delia and all that makes her happy, but shall soften your own sorrow until you cease to feel it."

"Can this really happen?" asked Helen.

"I know it can, because I have experienced it," said her mother with a beautiful light in her eyes.

"I will try it," said Helen with decision; "even if it is very hard."

I leave it for you, girls, to decide whether Helen was successful or not. I will only state that Delia remained unalterable, and kept Clara as her most intimate friend.

Teachers' Department.

PERSONAL QUALIFICATIONS OF THE TEACHER.

IN a recent number of the "Journal of Education" Mr. A. G. Boyden, of the Bridgewater Normal School, offered some valuable suggestions on this subject. We give below a condensed statement of some of the points which seem to us to apply to both public-school and Sunday-school teachers: —

"The unspoken, unconscious influence of the teacher, which gives tone, quality, power to all his instruction, enters so much more deeply into the life of the child than what he says, that we cannot emphasize too strongly the necessity of personal fitness in the teacher for his work. He needs to magnify his work; he must have a high ideal to stimulate him to his best effort, or he will give way to, or be overcome by, the many difficulties, the depressing influences from within and without, the petty details and the trials of patience, which he must meet in the performance of his daily work.

"1. *The Right Spirit.* — There are those who enter the school-room saying, 'I will do simply what is required.' They feel that they have done their whole duty if they secure regular attendance, keep good order, and hear their pupils recite their lessons.

"Others come to their work seeking to control their pupils by right motives, to train them to good behavior, and to teach all the subjects in the course in the best possible way.

There are others who seek to conduct their classes so as to educate their pupils, by bringing the higher principles of action which men have learned from God, or from experience, to bear first upon their

moral and spiritual being, so that they shall love and hate aright, shall choose the higher good and the right course of action.

"The spirit which should actuate the true teacher, in the words of another, is 'a spirit that desires to be in the highest degree useful to those who are to be taught; a spirit that elevates above everything else the nature and capabilities of the human soul, and that trembles under the responsibility of attempting to be its educator; a spirit that seeks that highest of all rewards, an approving conscience and an approving God; a spirit that earnestly inquires what is right, and dreads to do what is wrong; a spirit that can recognize and reverence the handiwork of God in every child, and that burns with a desire to be instrumental in training it to the highest attainment of which it is capable. Such a spirit is the first thing to be sought by the teacher, and without it the highest talent cannot make him truly excellent in his calling.'

"2. *Self-Control* is next in importance. It is that power of will which enables one to rule himself, to control his feelings and his tongue under sudden and strong provocation; which makes him 'swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath;' which holds the reins upon the natural impulses of appetite, desire, or affection, to command his intellect and his body so that he can make the best use of them as the occasion calls. This silent power of self-possession constantly manifested commands the respect, esteem, and faith of the pupil, and moves him to like endeavor.

"3. *Cheerfulness* in the teacher is to the school-life of his pupils what the sunshine is to the growing plants. The cheerfulness which comes from a sunny disposition, good digestion, sweet sleep, and bodily vigor, which looks on the bright side of everything, gives color and smoothness to school-life as marked and as beautiful as that which the sunlight gives to the foliage of the trees. The teacher who brings to his pupils the cheery words, the pleasant smile, the kindly interest in their sports, who is not afraid to share a hearty laugh with them when it comes in opportunely, commends himself, his requirements, and the work of the school to his pupils in a way which meets with a ready response from them.

"4. *Sympathy*, the power to enter into the feelings and ways of children, is indispensable to success in teaching. The little child runs to his mother when he is in any kind of trouble because he knows she will enter into his feelings and soothe his troubled spirit. Many a teacher of limited intellectual attainments has secured excellent work from pupils because he made each one feel that he had a personal interest in him. Many a teacher of brilliant intellect and ready wit, but tempered with sarcasm, has failed to gain the hearty co-operation of his pupils. They admired his learning, but were afraid of him. Teacher and pupil must be in sympathy.

"5. *Quickness of Perception.* — The teacher has to arrange and assign full work to each member of the class, and see that it is well done. To this end his lines of communication with each pupil, which are through sight and hearing, must be maintained unbroken through the class exercise and the school session. In the class exercise he must watch every face to observe the action of each mind and to see the effect of what he says and does. He must be quick to see.

"6. *Good Judgment.* — The teacher is called upon to decide promptly what is best, what is right, what ought to be, in the selection of the proper objects of thought for teaching in their arrangement in the natural and logical order, in directing the observation, thought, and expression of his pupils, in the use of motives, in all his dealings with his children. If he judges wisely concerning all these matters, everything goes on well; if unwisely, trouble comes.

"No person should attempt to teach without having, to the full measure of his ability, these most important personal qualifications; and if he is not conscious of possessing them in a good degree, let him not enter the school-room as a teacher; it is a grievous wrong to the child."

TABLEAUX FROM BIBLE HISTORY.

In the West Newton Unitarian Sunday-School a unique and interesting entertainment was given on the evening of February 4, in the Church Parlors. This consisted of a number of tableaux, in which the children represented characters and groups of figures taken from Schnorr's Illustrations of the Old Testament. The object of this entertainment was to combine with the pleasure which children naturally take in rendering and seeing such tableaux, a real and living knowledge of Hebrew men and times.

The one-topic lesson used this year by all the classes in the school (except the Primary Department) is the Old Testament characters as these are presented in the series of Manuals on "Lives and Deeds" prepared by the Sunday-School Society. Mr. Jaynes the pastor, who is the teacher of his Sunday-school teachers, has had rare success in the use of this method. He has excited a general interest in the Sunday-school lesson throughout the parish; old and young join in study. By occasional exercises in which the pictured scenes of Bible history are made to appeal to the imagination and are given an aspect of reality, Mr. Jaynes seeks to impress still more strongly upon the minds of his people the lessons which that history enforces. Incidentally, another important result is obtained: the Sunday-school interests in its immediate work old and young, parents and children, and creates a new bond of attachment between the pupils and the school. Perhaps other schools may take the hint, and in their own way follow this example.

EASTER SERVICES AND CAROLS.

The Unitarian Sunday-School Society have on hand for Easter, —

1. The Easter Services, for 1884, 1885, and 1887. Compiled by Rev. Henry G. Spaulding.
2. The Special Service for Easter, from the "Sunday-School Service Book."
3. "The World itself keeps Easter-day." A Concert Exercise, by Kate L. Brown.

The Society have just issued, for 1888, a collection of Easter Carols and Processionals, with new words and original music. The music is by Mr. R. H. Clouston, Jr., Mr. E. W. Burnett, and Miss Elizabeth U. Emerson. Send five cents for sample copy to the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

WANTED: LIBRARY BOOKS.

We want some good library books for the newly formed Sunday-school (opened Sunday, Feb. 5, 1888) at Wolfboro', N.H. Any school or individual having such books to donate will confer a favor by writing to Rev. H. G. Spaulding, Secretary of Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

CLEARNESS IN TEACHING.

As the orator is said to need "action, action, action," above everything else, so the Sunday-school teacher's constant demand upon himself should be for *clearness, clearness, clearness.* Some one has compared the results of two kinds of teaching with the remembrance we have of a sunset and of a mountain. One sunset is very much like another; we seldom think of any sunset, however brilliant, except in a vague way as something that happened, and by which we were agreeably impressed. But a mountain, with its clear-cut outline, its well-marked projections, and its firm contour, impresses its own individuality upon our minds. We cannot forget how the Matterhorn looks, or how the white dome of Mt. Blanc rises above the Vale of Chamouni. We can never confound Monadnoc with Mt. Adams, or Chocorua with Kearsarge. In our teaching let us make the truth we seek to enforce stand forth with mountain-like clearness. Give to the pupil's mind the outlines and projections of the lesson, so that the impression left may be that of something definite, — a truth heaven-piercing as the Matterhorn, or dome-crowned like the Monarch of the Alps.

THE CHURCH AND THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

In a sermon preached recently before the Channing Club of Boston, Rev. M. J. Savage appealed to his hearers to give to the Church their time, money, and thought, because the work of the Church is the most serious work that men and women can do. He then continued: —

"One word about the Sunday-schools. Our Sunday-schools languish, though this is said with all honor, and no word of criticism to those who labor Sunday after Sunday and year after year. *But judge what a difference there might be if the churches would take hold of this matter and make the Sunday-school what it should be.* Is there anything nobler than undertaking the development of a soul? Is there anything an angel might more fitly do?"

Let our superintendents and teachers try to enlist the hearty co-operation of their friends in the Church. The claim of the school for substantial aid, for the best attainable teachers, and for the hearty sympathy of the whole congregation should be constantly urged.

BE PATIENT.

Nature's grand movements gather force slowly and take shape gradually. To make a star or cut Niagara's rocky dam is the patient work of long periods. In your work for the building up of character around you, be a patient worker. Be willing to accept slow progress, provided it be thorough. You are shaping some one's eternity. Your work will outlive the stars, though their watch-fires burn for thousands of years. When Niagara shall have dried up, the current of influence you have set moving will be rolling on with undiminished strength. You can afford to work patiently and wait hopefully. — *Sunday-School Journal.*

Will winter never be over?
Will the dark days never go?
Must the buttercup and the clover
Be always hid under the snow?

Ah, lend me your little ear, love!
Hark! 't is a beautiful thing;
The weariest month of the year, love,
Is shortest and nearest the spring!

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

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